

Saturday Morning, April 29, 1865.

## Yankee War with the French.

Whatever may be the truth in the rumor as respects the supposed warlike relations of France and the United States, there is strong reason for believing that the enrolling officers of the United States army are making strenuous efforts to persuade our paroled prisoners to join them in "a war against the French." This is the phrase among them, and the bounty offered is not only in gold, but very high—as much as \$150 to a man. This is the report of numerous paroled or disbanded soldiers. If the conflict with the Confederate States be closed by treaty, then we have no question but that the United States Government will seek to employ their veterans in support of the Mexican Republic, against Maximilian; and, however much the Mexicans may loathe the alliance, with a people whom they religiously hate—and with good reason—they will yet, in their extreme need, be very glad to welcome the succors which they can bring. The United States will not declare war against France if they can help it; they will simply ally themselves with the Government of the Mexican Republic, in sustaining the cause of Republicanism, so called, on the American Continent. In other words, for the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine. France is pledged tacitly, if not directly and openly, to the support of Maximilian and his new empire. His cause, indeed, will commend itself to the whole continent of Europe, and measurably to Great Britain. It is not improbable that, if such a war is once begun, it will put the whole Christian world in armor, and though we may behold its beginning, it is very doubtful if any among us will see the end. The struggle will be Titanic in proportions—being the struggle, on a scale of the grandest magnitude, between Democracy, on the one hand, and Legitimacy on the other. It will be well for us, if we can isolate ourselves from the conflict, and content ourselves with planting potatoes in obscurity. It will depend, perhaps, on the negotiations now said to be going forward, whether we shall be able to reach this desired consummation. Torn, trampled in ashes, with our sons worn, wounded, wearied, and so many of them filling remote graves—honorable, though obscure—the South needs repose for recovery; and, if we are not to be suffered this peace—the enjoyment of this much needed repose—if our sons are still to shed their blood in frequent battle, to which we can see no end—why negotiate—why lay down our weapons at all—why change the venue—the customers—the causal and, as if sworn to suicide, rush into a conflict with new peoples, on a new scene of action, sacrificing our best blood in a struggle in which we can have but little interest. Peace! peace! is our need, and not a change from one field to another, and against other peoples.

The report that 3,200 Yankee prisoners, sent back from Florida, were recaptured at Macon, is entirely false. These prisoners are now at Andersonville.

## Female Education of the Poor.

While speaking of the camp of instruction and of farm schools for the poor boys of the country, we were not unmindful of what is due to the necessities and education of the female portion of the same classes. A similar institution for the benefit of girls is easy of conception. The same law prevails in both cases, and a like necessity is suggestive of the adoption, for their wants, of a like institution, only varied according to the sex, and its characteristics and future employment in life. Instead of a farm for field culture, there should be a dwelling, well provided with spinning wheels and looms—the spinning jenny, if you please; or even an extensive manufactory, for the making of cloths and cards, bonnets, hats and a thousand other things, with instructors for teaching how to sew and knit, &c. So many hours to simple teaching in the schools; so many hours for sewing, knitting, spinning; weaving; and so many hours for recreation in grounds and gardens. A taste for gardening, for the cultivation of shrubs and flowers, may be thus implanted; and, as the children exhibit talent and susceptibility, they should be afforded opportunity for passing into the provinces of the fine arts. There can be no doubt of the value of the plan. The great difficulty will be found in that which, hitherto, has been the least difficult of all our problems—the procuring of the proper teachers. Where there are nine in ten pupils who may be taught to learn, there have been scarcely five teachers in fifty who were properly prepared to teach. Get a wise matron as house-keeper, and a calm, equable, sensible teacher, also of the female sex, who are able to keep their own passions in subjection. What is chiefly wanted in a teacher, to make him or her successful, is that he or she shall be able and will condescend to study the child. Every child is individual—no two to be taught precisely in the same manner, and the individual qualities of the pupil must be traced out and followed before you can give the proper direction to the faculties, moods and morals of the subject. This will require a loving industry on the part of the teacher, which is a rare quality, but one even of more necessity than any profound learning or brilliant ability. A good teacher must be a philosopher, not a hodge-podge; a meek but true Christian, and not a despot or a mere drill sergeant.

[Communicated.]

To the Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D.

NEWBERRY, S. O., April 16, 1865.

DEAR SIR: Excuse the liberty I take in addressing you through the public prints. My motive must be my apology. The manifold miseries which have befallen our unhappy country must be a matter of deep regret and serious reflection to every right-minded person. It cannot be denied that the clouds of war are now lowering darker over our political horizon than they have ever done before, and that the dangers which now menace us are greater than any which have yet threatened our beloved country. But, sir, distressing as are these calamities and threatening these dangers, there is, I firmly believe, a means of arresting them; that means is the removal of the grand

cause of all these troubles, the exceeding sinfulness of our people. It would be presumption in me, sir, to remind you of the many precious promises of Holy Writ, to the Jews, if they would repent of their iniquities. God is a just God, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and surely we may appropriate these promises to ourselves, if we but turn from our transgressions. Our cause is just, but it is seriously jeopardized by wicked defenders. God waits to be gracious, and to deliver us from the power of our enemies, if we will only do what He requires us. But our people seem sunk in a state of almost hopeless depravity. A God-forgotten covetousness, the fruitful parent of every other vice, has sapped the foundations of moral and religious principle, and the greater the calamities of the country, the wider is the departure from these principles. Is there no remedy for these evils? There is but one, a special and wide-spread outpouring of the regenerating influences of God's Holy Spirit, as a blessing upon human instrumentality. I have thought that if some eloquent and earnest orator, would go over our country, and address our people upon this subject, he might be instrumental, under God's blessing, in turning our people from the error of their ways, and thus pave the way for any early and honorable deliverance from all our miseries. I know of no one better fitted for this noble undertaking, than yourself. Your present distinguished position before our people, would lend much authority to your words. The inward reward would be a sufficient inducement to you. Surely there are enough liberal-hearted men, who would be willing to defray your expenses. Your congregation would scarcely refuse their assent to so holy an object. To you I leave the consideration of this important subject. I have an inward assurance of God's blessing upon it.

With the highest respect, dear sir, I remain, yours truly, S.

[Communicated.]

## Lincoln's Griefs Prophecied in the Talmud.

A Talmudical friend of the writer, during the summer of 1861, taking up, in his study, an open volume of the Talmud, drew his attention to a particular passage, and asked, "Can you read that?" The reply was, "Yes—it is 'Kai Lincoln'—which means—'He will go down in grief.'" "It is prophecy," said our friend; "and, surely, it is the fate of this man to end his career in grief."

The writer of this related the conversation to Mr. Pennington, the editor of the Raleigh Progress, who published it. The article was copied by the Mobile Register, the editor of which, in a humorous vein, said: "With Grant in the Mississippi mud, McClellan in the Chickahominy mud, and Lincoln in the Talmud, the Yankees must be deep in the mud."

The end of Lincoln has certainly been reached. He is in the mud. He has come to grief—to a sudden and miserable end, in the moment of his greatest power—in the highest sense of security—in the midst of revelry—and without being permitted to see the handwriting on the wall—"Mene, mene, tikel uphar sin!" The Chaldaic significance of his calamity proved prophetic, whether conceived in prophecy or not. But the end is not yet reached for the Yankee nation. Theirs may be a present triumph, but it is the end that crowns the work, and that end, in the long future, who shall predict? Let us wait upon God, whose mill grinds slowly, according to the German proverb, but grinds thoroughly and to the proper end. HERMANN.